Bowling Green. April. 1st 49

Dear Bill

I received your letter in due time & was much pleased with it. I am glad to hear that you are all kicking about as usual. Haul out those logs. "Lift like a good fellow & you'll get them on to the sled." That is the way to do it. Slather around among the brush, fall down & break your neck & then up & at it again. I never shall forget our "picking up" in the meadow south of the "big Spring". It was a cold day in the "fall" & we took our dinner with us, bread, meat & taters. So at noon we set down behind a stump to keep off the north wind, eat our dinner. We were half frozen & our dinner too. But it made no difference with us about cold weather, cold dinner or dirt, we had good appetites & could eat any thing. How I would like such times again.

To-day is Sunday & a most pleasant day it is. The peach trees blossomed two weeks ago. The farmers here have done nearly all their plowing & sowing. If it were not for slavery, this would be the garden of the earth. But as it is, half of the land runs to waste & the other half is only half cultivated. The people never think of enriching the land, but plant it year after year without putting on the least particle of manure.

& yet the land is never worn out, but bears as good a crop after ten years of cultivation as it did the first year.

You want to know if I am going to take some of these Kentucky gals "to wife". No Sir-ee. There is too much "niggar" about them. They like too well to have the 'niggas' wait on them. I suppose if I wished to marry wealth, I could do well but I can't stand the love of "niggars". Blast them. A girl was married here not long since worth $50000 I would like her money very well, but "blast her". I expect I will enjoy the blessedness of single life for a few years more. I am very glad, however, that you are married & contented. And I believe if you are ever otherwise than happy & contented it will be your own fault. If I could get as good a woman as you have got, I believe I would get married.

I expect when you get this letter I will be out of Bowling Green. I never liked this place very much. The people care nothing for education or teachers, & of course is no place for me. I wrote some time since to Rev M. F. Maury, who married Judge Chipman's sister. I saw him once or twice on the mountain last summer, & he gave me two letters of introduction & recommendation when I come out here. He lives near Danville, about 30 miles south of Lexington. I wrote to him to see if I could not get a better situation. He wrote in answer, that five gentlemen, four besides

himself, were about starting a family school, & wished me to come & teach the school. He said the school would consist of no more than 20 or 22 scholars, & all the families were very wealthy. I wrote in return, that I would teach the school for $400 a year & have every thing found me, board &c. I suppose I could make as much or more money by staying here, but I don't like the people, & determined long ago to get away as soon as possible. I shall have less hard work in teaching & have better society in Danville. My school here closes next Friday & I shall leave on Saturday if possible.

To-day is the 1st day of April. I don't know but you will think that I mean to April-fool you, because I have written so short a letter. But I have nothing more to write, except I received a letter appointment since from Sam Scott, & another from Asahel Bingham.

When you receive this letter, do you set down & write just such another letter as your last. And if you please, just give Julia a chance to say a word.

Give my love to all. May health, peace & plenty be your lot.

Your affectionate Brother
Steve

P. S. (particular secret) I have received no documents from you. just write in your next what they were, & direct your letter to Danville. Ky.